

The Stray Dog

I wonder what he finds to eat
in smelly garbage heaps.

When the night is cold like this
I wonder where he sleeps.

I wonder why he crouches down
and trembles while he's chewing.

Do people shout and chase him
when they see what he is doing?

This morning when he snatched the half
of sandwich that I threw

I know I saw him give his stumpy tail
a wag or two.

I wonder if he might begin
to trust someone who's kind.

I wonder, when she sees he's thin,
if Mom might change her mind.

— By Alice Schertle

